

EXTRACT

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

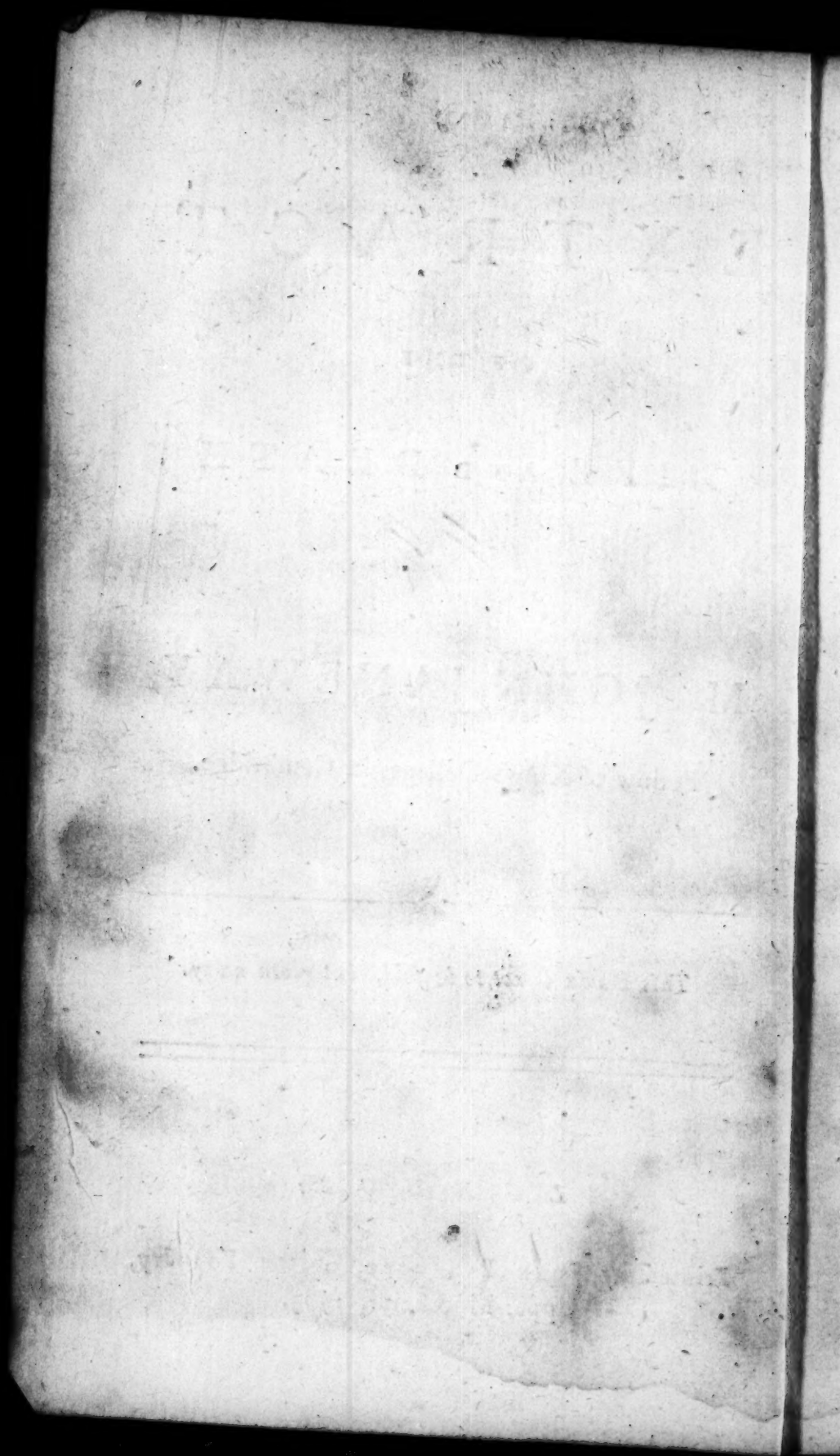
Mr. JOHN JANEWAY,

Fellow of King's-College, in Cambridge.

This Book is not to be sold, but given away.

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A N
 E X T R A C T O F T H E L I F E
 O F
 M r . J O H N J A N E W A Y .

C H A P . I .

An Account of him from his Childhood to the Seventeenth Year of his Age.

MR. John Janeway was born in the year 1633, October 27, of religious parents, in Tyly, in the county of Hertford. He soon gave his parents the hope of much comfort, and the symptoms of something more than ordinary quickly appeared in him, so that some who saw this child, much feared that his life would be but short; others hoped that God had some work to do by or for him; he shewed that neither of them were mistaken in their conjectures concerning him. He soon out-ran his superiors for age, in learning. And it was thought by no incompetent judges, that for pregnancy of wit, solidity of judgment, the vastness of his intellectuals, and the greatness of his memory, he had no superiors, and few equals, considering his age and education.

He was initiated in the *Latin* tongue by his father; afterwards he was brought up at *St. Paul's* school in *London*, where he made a considerable proficiency in *Latin* and *Greek* under the care of *Mr. Langley*. When he was about eleven years old he took a great fancy to *Arithmetic* and the *Hebrew* tongue.

About this time his parents removing into a little village called *Aspoden*, had the opportunity of having their son instructed by a learned neighbour, who was pleased to count it a diversion to read *mathematics* to him, being then about twelve years old; and he made such progress in those studies, that he read *Oughtred* with understanding, before he was thirteen years old. A person of quality, hearing of the admirable proficiency of this boy, sent for him up to *London*, and kept him with him for some time, to read *mathematics* to him. That which made him the more to be admired was, That he did what he did with the greatest facility. He had no small skill in music and other concomitants of the mathematics.

In the year 1646, he was chosen by *Mr. Rous* the provost of *Eaton* college, one of the foundationers of that school. Where he gave no unsuitable returns to the high expectations that were conceived of him.

After a little continuance at *Eaton*, he obtained leave of his master to go to *Oxford*, to perfect himself in the study of *mathematics*, where being with *Dr. Ward*, one of the professors of the university, he attained to a strange exactness in that study, nothing being within the reach of a man but he would undertake and grasp. The Doctor looked upon him as one of the wonders of his age; loved him dearly, and could not for some time after his death scarce mention his name without tears. When he had spent about a quarter of a year with *Dr. Ward* at *Oxford*, he was commanded to return to *Eaton*, where he soon gave proof of the improvement of his time while he was absent, by calculating the eclipses for many years before hand; so that by this time he had many eyes upon him as the glory of the school. Yet he did not discover the least affectation of self-conceit, neither

ther did any discernable pride attend these excellencies. So that every one took more notice of his *parts* than himself.

At about seventeen years old he was chose to *King's college*, in *Cambridge*; at which time the electors did even contend for the patronage of this *scholar*. He was chosen first that year, and an elder brother of his in the sixth place; but he was very willing to change places with his elder brother, letting him have the first, and thankfully accepting of the sixth place.

Besides his great learning, and many other ornaments of nature, his deportment was so sweet and lovely, his demeanor so courteous and obliging, that many of them who had little kindness for morality, much less for grace, could not but speak well of him. His great wisdom and learning did even command respect: he had an excellent power over his passions, and was in a great measure free from the vices which usually attend such an age and place.

But all this while he understood little of the worth of Christ, and his own soul; he studied indeed the heavens, and knew the motion of the sun, moon, and stars, but he thought little of God, who made these things; or, of his own heart; he did not as yet much busy himself in the serious observation of the wandering of his spirit; the creature had not yet led him to the Creator; he was still too ready to take up with mere speculation; but God, when he was about eighteen years old, shone in upon his soul with power; and convinced him what a poor thing it was to know so much of the heavens and never come there. And that the greatest knowledge without Christ, was but an empty dry business. He now thought Mr. Bolton had some reason on his side, when he said, *Give me the most magnificent glorious worldling, that ever trod upon earthly mould, richly crown'd with all the ornaments and excellencies of nature, art, policy, preferment, or what heart can wish besides; yet without the life of grace, to animate and ennoble them, he were to the eye of heavenly wisdom, but as a rotten*

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carcase,

carcase, stuck over with flowers, magnified dung, gilded rottenness, golden damnation. He began now to be of *Anaxagoras's* mind, That his work upon earth, was to study heaven and how to get thither, and that except a man might be admitted to greater preferment than this world can bestow, it was not worth the while to be born.

C H A P. II.

Of his Conversion, and Carriage when Fellow of the College.

THE great work of *conversion*, was not carried on upon his soul, in that dreadful manner, that it is upon some, but the Lord was pleased, sweetly to unlock his heart, by the exemplary life, and heavenly discourse of a young man in the college, whose heart God had inflamed with love to his soul; he quickly made an attempt upon this young man, and the Spirit of God set home his counsels with such power, that they proved effectual for his awakening; being accompanied with the preaching of *Dr. Hill*, and *Dr. Arrowsmith*, together with the reading of *Mr. Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest*.

Now a mighty alteration might easily be discerned in him. He began not to taste so much sweetness in those kind of studies, which he so greedily employed himself in formerly. He began to pity them who were curious in their enquiries after everything, but that which is most needful to be known, *Christ and themselves*; and that which sometimes was his gain, he now counted loss for Christ, yea doubtless he esteemed all things but as dung and dross in comparison of Christ, and him *crucified*. Not that he looked upon human learning as useless: but when fixed below Christ and not improved for Christ, he
looked

looked upon wisdom as folly, and learning as madness, and that which would make one more like the devil, and more fit for his service.

Mr. *Faneway* now considered how he might best improve what he did already know, and turn all his studies into the right channel: Grace did not take him off from, but made him more diligent and spiritual in his study. And now Christ was at the end and bottom of every thing: how did he plot and contrive how he might most express his love and thankfulness to him, who had brought him out of darkness into his marvellous light! To this end he sent up and down packets of divine letters, in which he did discourse so substantially and experimentally of the great things of God, that it would not at all have unbecome some grey head to have owned what he wrote.

He was not a little like young *Elihu*, in whose words he used to excuse his freedom with persons of years, whose souls he dearly pitied. He said, *days should speak, and the multitude of years should teach wisdom, but there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding: I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me: behold my belly is, as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles, I will speak that I may be refreshed.* O then how sweet was the savour of his graces! he could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard, and even invite all the world to taste and see how good the Lord was.

He began first with his relations, begging and wooing of them to think of their immortal souls, and to lay in speedy provisions for a death-bed and eternity. Oh! with what compassion did he plead the cause of Christ with their souls! What pathetic expressions did he use, what vehement expostulations, how frequent, how particular in his applications to them! Oh! with what gravity and majesty would he speak of the mysteries of the gospel!

Read

Read what his language was (when he was between eighteen and nineteen years old) in a letter to a friend that had the care of many children.

S I R,

YOUR charge is great upon a temporal account, but greater upon a spiritual. Out of an earnest desire of the good of souls and your own joy and peace, I importunately request that you will have a great care of your children, and be often dropping in some wholesome admonitions; and this I humbly, with submission to your judgment in it, commend to you: not to admonish them always together, but likewise privately one by one. Wherein you may please to press upon them their natural corruption, the necessity of regeneration, the excellency of Christ, and how unspeakably lovely it is to see young ones setting out for heaven. This way I think may do most good, having had experience of it myself in some small measure: God grant that all may work for the edifying of those who are committed to you. I leave you under the protection of him that hath loved us, and given himself for us.

When he was about twenty years old, he was made Fellow of the College, which did not a little advance those noble projects which he had for the promoting of the Interest of the Lord Christ. Then how sweetly would he insinuate into the young ones, desiring to carry as many of them as possibly he could, along with him to heaven; many attempts he made upon some of the same house, that he might season them with grace, and animate, and encourage those who were looking towards heaven. And as for his own relations, never was there a more compassionate and tender-hearted brother. How many pathetic letters did he send them, and how did he follow them with prayers and tears.

Read what his heart was in the following lines.

——“ Distance of place cannot at all lessen that natural bond, whereby we are conjoined in blood,
neither

neither ought to lessen that of love. Nay, where true love is, it cannot; for love towards you I can only say this, that I feel it better than I can express it; but love felt and not expressed is little worth. I therefore desire to make my love manifest in the best way I can. Let us look upon one another not as brethren only, but as members of the same body whereof Christ is the head. Let us therefore breathe and hunger after him, so that our close knot may meet in Christ; if we are in Christ, and Christ in us, then we shall be one with another. This I know, you cannot complain for want of instruction, God hath not been to us a dry wilderness; you have had line upon line, and precept upon precept; he hath planted you by the rivers of water; it is the Lord alone indeed who maketh fruitful, but yet we are not to stand and do nothing. There is a crown worth looking for: seek therefore, and that earnestly. Oh! seek by continual prayer; keep your soul in a praying frame; this is a great and necessary duty; nay, a high and a precious privilege. If thou canst say nothing, come and lay thyself in an humble manner before the Lord. You may believe me, for I have experienced what I say. There is more sweetness in one glimpse of God's love, than in all that the world can afford. O do but try; O taste and see how good the Lord is. Get into a corner and throw yourself down before the Lord, and beg of God to make you sensible of your lost state by nature, and of the excellency and necessity of Christ. Say, "Lord, give me a broken heart, soften and melt me. Any thing in the world, so I may be but enabled to value Christ, and be persuaded to accept of him as he is tendered in the gospel. O that I may be delivered from the wrath to come! Oh! a blessing for me, even for me!" And resolve not to be content, till the Lord have in some measure answered you. Oh! my bowels yearn towards you. O that you did but know with what affection I write now unto you, and what prayers and tears are mingled with

with these lines! The Lord set these things home, and give you an heart to apply them to yourself; the Lord bleſs all the means that you enjoy, for his bleſſing is all in all. Give me leave to deal plainly, and to come yet a little cloſer to you, for I love your ſoul ſo well, that I cannot bear the thoughts of the loſs of it. Know this, that except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven; God's favour is not to be recovered without it. This new birth hath its foundation laid in a ſenſe of ſin, a godly ſorrow for it, and a heart ſet againſt it; without this there can be no ſalvation. Look well about you, and ſee into yourſelf, and thou wilt ſee that thou art at hell's mouth without this firſt ſtep; and nothing but free-grace and pure mercy is between you and the ſtate of the devils. The Lord deliver us from a ſecure careleſs heart! here you ſee a natural man's condition. How dareſt thou then lie down in ſecurity. Oh! look about for your ſoul's ſake. What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I do to awaken your poor ſoul! I ſay again, without repentance, there is no remiſſion, and repentance itſelf may loſe its labour, if it be not in the right manner. Tears and groans and prayers, will not do without Chriſt. Moſt, when they are convinced of ſin, and are under fears of hell, reform ſomething, and thus the wound is healed, and by this thouſands fall ſhort of heaven. For if we be not brought off from ourſelves, and our righteouſneſs as well as our ſins, we are never like to be ſaved. We muſt ſee an abſolute need of a Chriſt, and give ourſelves up to him, and count all but dung and dross in compariſon of Chriſt's righteouſneſs. Look therefore for mercy only in Chriſt, for his ſake rely upon God's mercy. The terms of the goſpel are, repent and believe; gracious terms! mercy for fetching, nay, mercy for deſiring, nay, for nothing but receiving. Doſt thou deſire mercy and grace? I know thou doſt. Even this is the gift of God, to deſire, hunger after Chriſt: let deſires put you upon endeavour, the work

work itself is sweet; yea, repentance and mourning itself hath more sweetness in it, than all the world's comforts. Upon repentance and believing comes justification, after this sanctification, by the spirit dwelling in us. By this we come to be the children of God, to be made partakers of the Divine nature, to lead new lives, to have a suitableness to God. It is unworthy a Christian to have such a narrow spirit as not to act for Christ with all one's heart, and soul, and strength. Be not ashamed of Christ, be not afraid of the frowns and scoffs of the wicked. Be sure to keep a conscience void of offence, and by no means yield to any known sin; be much in prayer, and in secret prayer, and in reading the scriptures. Therein are laid up the glorious mysteries which are hid from many eyes. My greatest desire is, that God would work his own great work in you. I desire to see you not as formerly, but that the Lord would make me an instrument of your soul's good, for which I greatly long."

CHAP III.

His great Love to Prayer.

HE was mighty in prayer, and his spirit was oftentimes so transported in it, that he forgot the weakness of his own body and of others spirits; indeed the acquaintance that he had with God was so sweet, and his converse with him so frequent, that when he was engaged in duty, he scarce knew how to leave that which was so delightful to his spirit. His constant course for some years was this, He prayed at least three times a day in secret, sometimes seven times, and twice a day in the family or college. And he found the sweetness of it beyond imagination, and enjoyed wonderful communion with God.

He could say by experience, that the ways of wisdom were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. He knew what it was to wrestle with God, with a *holy familiarity* as a friend, and would upon all occasions run to him for advice, and had many strange and immediate *answers* of prayer. One of which I think it not impertinent to give an account of.

His honoured Father, Mr. *William Janeway*, minister of *Kelshall* in *Hertfordshire*, being sick, and being under somewhat dark apprehensions as to the state of his soul, he would often say to his son *John*: "Oh! son! this passing into eternity is a great thing, this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make one's heart ach, that hath not his pardon sealed, and his evidences for heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my own estate for another world. Oh! that God would clear his love! Oh! that I could say cheerfully, I can die, upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort."

Seeing his Father continuing under despondings of spirit (though no Christians that knew him but had a high esteem of him for his uprightness) he got by himself, and spent some time in wrestling with God upon his account, earnestly begging of God that he would fill him with joy unspeakable in believing, and that he would speedily give him some token for good, that he might joyfully and honourably leave this world. After he was risen from his knees, he came down to his Father, and asked him, how he felt himself. His Father made no answer for some time, but wept exceedingly, (a passion that he was not subject to) and continued for some considerable time weeping, so that he was not able to speak. But at last having recovered himself, with unspeakable joy he burst out: "Oh! son! now it is come, it is come, it is come: I bless God I can die; the spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child, Now I can look up to God

as

as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer: I can now say, this is my friend, and this is my beloved. My heart is full, it is brim full, I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, The peace of God which passeth understanding; I know now what that white stone is, wherein a new name was written; which none know but they who have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in, was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great that I could not contain myself: neither can I express what glorious discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy Name, that hath pardoned all my sins and sealed the pardon. He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. Oh! help me to bless the Lord, he hath put a new song into my mouth: Oh! bless the Lord for his infinite goodness! Oh! now I can die! It is nothing, I bless God I can die. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ." You may well think that his son's heart was not a little refreshed to hear such words, and see such a sight, and to meet the messenger that he had sent to heaven, returned back again so speedily. It was so immediate and clear an answer of his own prayers, as if God had said to him, Thy tears and prayers are heard for thy Father; thou hast like a prince prevailed with God: thou hast got the blessing; go down and see.

Upon this, the young man too broke forth into praises, and even into an extasy of joy, that God should deal so familiarly with him; and the father and son together were so full of joy, light, life, love and praise, that there was a little heaven in the place. He could not then but express himself in this manner. "Oh blessed, for ever blessed be God for his infinite grace! Oh who would not pray unto God! Verily he is a God that heareth prayers, and
B that

that my soul knows right well." And then he told his joyful father, how much he was affected with his former despondings, and what he had been praying for just before with all the earnestness he could. His father hearing this, and perceiving that his former comforts came by prayer, and his own child's prayer too, was the more refreshed, and the more confirmed, that it was from the Spirit of God, and no delusion. And immediately, his son standing by, he fell into another fit of triumphing joy, his weak body being almost ready to sink under that great weight of glory, that shone in so powerfully upon his soul. He could then say, "now let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He could now walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil. Oh! how sweet a thing it is to have one's interest in Christ cleared, how comfortable to have our calling and election made sure! How lovely is the sight of a smiling Jesus when one is dying! How refreshing it is, when heart and flesh and all are failing, to have God for the strength of our heart and our portion for ever! Oh! did the foolish unexperienced world but know what these things mean, did they but understand, what it is to have their senses spiritually exercised, could they but taste and see how good the Lord is, it would soon cause them to disrelish their low and brutish pleasures, and look upon all worldly joys as infinitely short of one *glimpse of God's love!* After this, his father had a sweet calm upon his spirits, till he came within the gates of the *New Jerusalem*: having all the graces greatly improved, and shewing so much humility, love of God, contempt of the world, such prizing of Christ, such patience as few Christians arrive to; especially his faith, by which with extraordinary confidence he cast his *widow and eleven fatherless children* upon the care of that God, who had fed him with this *manna* in his *wilderness-state*. The benefit of which *faith* all his children (none of which

which were in his life-time provided for) have since experienced. And it is scarce to be imagined, how helpful this his son was to his father by his heavenly discourse, humble advice, and prayers. After four months conflict with a consumption he sweetly slept in Jesus.

After the death of his father, he did what he could to supply his absence, doing the part of a husband, son, and brother: so that he was no small comfort to his poor mother in her disconsolate state, and all the rest of his relations, that had any sense of God upon their spirits. To one of which he thus addresseth himself, upon the death of a sweet child.

“ He that in afflictions would find comfort, must strive to see spiritual comforts to be the greatest, even that comfort which is from God, in the face of Jesus Christ; this, this will be a cordial; this will be as marrow and fatness to the soul. They who have an interest in Christ, what need they be moved with any worldly trouble: is not Christ better than ten children? is not his loving-kindness better than life? is not all the world a shadow compared with one hour’s enjoyment of him, even on this side of glory. O therefore strive to get your interest in this comfort secured, and then all is well. He that hath Christ, hath all things. If God be reconciled to you through him, then he will withhold no good thing from you.

“ We poor foolish creatures do scarce know what is good for ourselves, but it’s no small encouragement to the people of God, that wisdom itself takes care of them, and one who loves them better than they love themselves *looks after them; and he hath given his promise for it that all shall work together for their good.* And what better foundation of comfort can there be in the whole world than this?

“ Let this serve as a remedy against excessive grief. Get your love to God increased, which if you do, the love of all other things will wax cold. And if

you have given God your heart, you will give him leave to take what he will that is yours, and what he hath you will judge rather well kept than lost.

“Remember that scripture, and let it have its due impression upon your spirit; *he that loves father or mother, brother or sister, yea, or children more than me, is not worthy of me.* O labour to have your affections therefore more raised up to him who is most worthy of them, let him have the uppermost room in your heart, and let your love to all other things be placed in subjection to your love of God, be ruled by it, and directed to it.”

C H A P. IV.

His return to King's-College after his Father's Death, and his Temptations from Satan.

WHEN his father was dead, he returned again to King's-College, and was a member of a secret society, which began to plot how they might best improve their gifts and graces, so as to be serviceable to God and their generation: their custom was frequently to meet together, to pray and to communicate *Studies and Experiences*. Some of his company did degenerate, but others lived to let the world understand, that what they did was from a *vital principle*: amongst whom this young man was none of the *least*. One of their designs was to engage the *Juniors*, if possible, before they were ensnared by wicked company, when they came fresh from school. After some time, most of his dear companions were *transplanted* either into gentlemen's families or livings, and Mr. Janeway, being one of the youngest, was, for awhile, left alone in the College. But he wanting the comfortable diversion of

of suitable society, fixed so intensely upon his studies, that he soon gave such a wound to his bodily constitution, as could never be thoroughly healed.

Thus you have a taste of his spirit, and may perceive what it was that he had his heart set upon, what kept his graces in such vigour and activity, and how desirous he was that others should be sharers with him in this mercy; yet, for all this, he had his gloomy days, and the sun was sometimes over-cast, his sweets were sometimes imbittered with dreadful and horrid temptations. The devil shot his poisonous arrows at him: yet through the Captain of his salvation, he came more than a conqueror out of the field. He was with *Paul* many times *lifted up into the third heavens, and saw and heard things unutterable*: but *lest he should be exalted above measure, there was a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him.*

It would make a christian's heart evenach to hear what strange temptations he was exercised with. But he was well armed for such a conflict, having on the shield of faith, whereby he quenched the fiery darts of that wicked one. Yet, this fight cost him the sweating of his very body for agonies of spirit, and tears and strong cries to heaven for fresh help. As for himself, he was wont to take an arrow out of God's quiver, and discharge it by faith and prayer, for the discomfiture of his violent enemy, who at last was fain to fly.

These temptations and conflicts with Satan, did not a little help him in his dealing with one that was sorely afflicted with the like temptations. And because I judge it may be of use to such, I insert a letter of his to one in the like case.

Dear Friend,

“**Y**OU say that you are troubled with blasphemous thoughts: so then, though they are blasphemous, yet they are your trouble, and neither sent for, nor welcome; and so are not assented to in your mind. What then shall we think of

them? If they were your own production, your heart would be delighted in its own issue, but you do nothing less. Sure then they are the injections of that wicked one, who is the accuser of the brethren, and the disturber of the peace of the people of God. But doth Satan use to employ those weapons but against those that he is in fear of losing? He is not wont to assault and fight against his surest friends in this manner. Those that he hath fast in his own possession, he leads on as softly and quietly as he can; fearing lest such disturbance should make them look about them, and so they should awake, and see their danger: but as for those that have in some measure escaped his snares, he follows them hard, with all the discouragements he can. These things are no other but a bitter relish of those things, which you know to be bitter after that you have tasted how good the Lord is. What then shall I call these motions of your mind? They are the soul's loathing the morsels which Satan would have it to swallow down: but you will say, If these horrible thoughts be not your sin, yet they are your misery, and you desire to be freed from them. And you will ask, How shall I get free from them? *First*, See that you possess your soul in patience: and know this, that God hath an over-ruling hand in all this; and wait upon him, for he can and will bring forth good out of all this evil. At present you see no light; yet, *Trust in the Lord, and stay yourself upon your God*. Can Christ forget the purchase of his own blood? *Can a mother forget her sucking child?* Yet, *God cannot forget his*. God hath gracious intents in all this, and his bowels yearn towards you. Yea, our Saviour suffers with us, through his ardent love, by sympathy, as well as he hath suffered for us. And you know he hath all power in his hand, who doth employ this power in a way of love towards his. This power is made yours through the prayer of faith: but for your own work, do this.

“ *First*,

" *First*, Let not such thoughts have any time of abode in your mind, but turn them out with all the abhorrence you can; but not with so much trouble and disturbance of mind as I believe you do. For by this the devil is pleased, and makes you your own tormentor.

" *Secondly*, Always divert your thoughts to some good thing, and let those very injections be constantly the occasion of your more spiritual meditation. Think quite the contrary, or fall a praying with earnestness; and the devil will be weary if he finds his designs thus broken, and that those sparks of hell, (which he struck into the soul to kindle and inflame corruption,) do put warmth into grace, and set faith and prayer a working. Thus resist him, and he will flee from you.

" *Thirdly*, Consider that this is no new thing: for, We are not in this ignorant of Satan's devices, that if any soul hath escaped out of the chains of darkness, if he will have heaven, he shall have it with as much trouble, as the devil can lay on; and, if he and his had their will, no good man should have one peaceable hour: but, blessed be God, the devil cannot pluck us out of those almighty arms, with which he doth embrace his dear children.

Yours in our dear Lord,

John Janeway."

His love to Christ and souls, made him very desirous to spend, and be spent in the work of the ministry; accordingly he complied with the first loud and clear call to preach the everlasting gospel; and tho' he was but two and twenty years old, yet he came to that work like one that understood what kind of employment preaching was. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, that was thoroughly furnished for every good word and work; one that was able to answer gainsayers, one in whom the word of God dwelt richly: one full of the spirit and power,
one

one that hated sin with a perfect hatred, and loved holiness with all his soul; in whom religion in its beauty did shine: one that knew *the terrors of the Lord*, and knew how to beseech sinners, *in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God*: one that was *a son of thunder*, and *a son of consolation*. In a word, I may speak that of him which *Paul* speaks of *Timothy*, that, *I knew none like minded, that did naturally care for souls*. And had he lived to have preached often, Oh what use might such a man have been of in his generation: one, in whom learning and holiness did as it were strive which should excel. He never preached publicly but twice, and then he came to it, as if he had been used to that work for forty years; delivering the word of God with that power and majesty, with that tenderness and compassion, with that readiness and freedom, that it made his hearers amazed. He was led into the mystery of the gospel; and he spoke nothing to others but what was the language of his heart, and the fruit of great experience, and which one might easily perceive had no small impression first upon his own spirit.

His *first* and *last* sermons were upon communion and intimate converse with God, out of *Job. xxii. 21.* A subject that few Christians under heaven were better able to manage than himself, and that scarce any could handle as feelingly as he: for he did for some considerable time maintain such an intimate familiarity with God, that he seemed to converse with him as one friend doth converse with another. This text he made some entrance into, whilst he was here; but the perfecting his acquaintance with God, was a work fitter for another world.

He was one that kept an exact watch over his thoughts, words and actions, and made a review of all that passed him, at least once a day, in a solemn manner. He kept a *diary* in which he wrote down every evening what the frame of his spirit had been all the day long, especially in every duty. He took notice what profit he received in his spiritual traffic: what returns from that far country; what

what answers of prayer, what deadness and flatness, and what observable providences did present themselves, and the substance of what he had been doing; and any wanderings of thoughts, inordinancy in any passion: which, though the world could not discern, he could. It cannot be conceived by them who do not practise the same, to what a good account this turned. This made him retain a grateful remembrance of mercy, and live in a constant adoring of Divine Goodness; this brought him to a very intimate acquaintance with his own heart; this kept his spirit low, and fitted him for free communications from God; this made him more lively and active; this helped him to walk humbly with God; this made him speak more affectionately and experimentally to others of the things of God. In a word, this left a sweet calm upon his spirits, because he every night made even his accounts; and if his sheets should prove his winding-sheet, it had been all one; for he could say, his work was done, so that death could not surprise him.

C H A P. V.

An Account of the latter Part of his Life.

FOR the latter part of his life, he lived like a man that was quite weary of the world, and that looked upon himself as a stranger here, and lived in the constant sight of a better. He plainly declared himself but a pilgrim that looked for a better country, a city that had foundations, whose builder and maker was God. His habit, his language, his deportment, all spoke him one of another world. His meditations were so intense, long, and frequent; that they ripened him apace for heaven, but somewhat weakened his body. Few Christians attain to such
a holy

a holy contempt of the world, and to such a clear, joyful, constant apprehension of the transcendent glories of the unseen world.

He made it his whole business to keep up sensible communion with God, and to grow into an humble familiarity with God, and to maintain it. And if by reason of company, or any necessary business, this was in any measure interrupted, he would complain like one out of his element, till his spirit was recovered into a delightful, unmixed, free intercourse with God. He was never so well satisfied, as when he was more immediately engaged in what brought him nearer to God; and by this he constantly enjoyed those comforts, which others rarely meet with. His graces and experiences toward his end grew to astonishment. His faith got up to a full assurance; his desires into a kind of enjoyment. He was oft brought into the banqueting-house, and there Christ's banner over him was love; and he sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was pleasant unto his taste. His eyes beheld the king in his beauty, and while he sat at his table, his spikenard did send forth its pleasant smell: he had frequent visions of glory, lay in the bosom of his master, and was surely a very beloved disciple, and highly favoured. His Lord oft called him up to the mount to him, and let him see his excellent glory. O the sweet foretaste that he had of those pleasures that are at the right hand of God! How oft was he feasted with the feast of fat things, those wines on the lees well refined: and sometimes he was like a giant refreshed with new wine, rejoicing to run the race that was set before him, whether of doing or of suffering. He was even sick of love, and he could say to the poor unexperienced world, *O taste and see!* and to Christians, "*Come and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul.*" O what do Christians mean that they do no more to get their senses spiritually exercised? O why do they not make religion the very business of their lives? O why is the soul,
Christ

Christ and glory thus despised? Is there nothing in communion with God? Are all those comforts of christians that follow hard after him, worth nothing? Is it not worth the while to make one's calling and election sure? O why do men and women jest and dally in the great matters of eternity? Little do people think what they slight, when they are seldom and formal in secret duties, and when they neglect that great duty of *meditation*, which I have through rich mercy found so sweet and refreshing: O what do christians mean, that they keep at such a distance from Christ? Did they but know the thousandth part of that sweetness that is in him, they could not choose but follow him hard; they would run and not be weary; and walk and not be faint."

He could sensibly and experimentally commend the ways of God to the poor unexperienced world, and say, *his ways are pleasantness*; and justify wisdom, and say, *her paths are peace*. He could take off those aspersions, which the devil and the world cast upon godliness in the power of it. Here is one that could challenge all the Atheists in the world to dispute; here is one that could bring sensible demonstrations to prove a Deity, and the reality and excellency of invisibles: which these fools and madmen make the subject of their scorn: here is one that would not change delights with the greatest epicures living, and would vie pleasures with all the sensualists of the world. Which of them all could in the midst of their jollity say, *This is the pleasure that shall last for ever*? Which of them can say among their cups, *I can now look death in the face, and, this very moment I can be content, yea, glad, to leave these delights, as knowing I shall enjoy better*. And this he could do, when he fared deliciously in spiritual banquets every day: he could upon better reason than he did, say, *Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years*: he knew full well that what he did here enjoy, was but a little to what he should have shortly. *In his presence there is fulness of joy, at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.*

Where

Where is the *Belshazzar* that would not quake in the midst of his cups, while he is quaffing the richest wine; if he should see a hand upon the wall writing bitter things against him, telling him that this night his soul must be required of him, that he now must come away, and give an account of all his ungodly pleasures, before the mighty God? Where is the sinner that could be content to hear the Lord roaring out of *Sion*, while he is roaring in the tavern? Which of them would be glad to hear the trumpet sound, and to hear the voice, *Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment*? Which of them would rejoice, to see the mountains quaking, the elements melting with fervent heat, and the earth consumed with flames; and the Lord Christ, whom they despised, coming in the clouds with millions of his saints and angels, to be avenged upon those that knew not God, and obeyed not his gospel. Is not that a blessed state, when a man can lift up his head with joy, when others tremble with fear, and sink with sorrow? And this was the condition of this holy young man. In the midst of all worldly comforts he longed for death; and the thoughts of the day of judgment made all his enjoyments sweeter. O, how did he long for the coming of Christ! Whilst some have been discoursing by him of that great and terrible day of the Lord, he would smile, and humbly express his delight in the fore-thought of that approaching hour.

I remember once there was a great talk, that one had foretold that *dooms-day* should be upon such a day: although he blamed their daring folly, that would pretend to know that which was hid from the angels themselves; yet granting their suspicion to be true, "What then, said he? What if the day of judgment were to come, as it certainly will come shortly? If I were sure the day of judgment were to begin within an hour, I should be glad with all my heart. If at this very instant I should hear such thundrings, and see such lightnings, as Israel did at mount *Sinai*,

Sinai, I am persuaded my very heart would leap for joy. Through infinite mercy, the very meditation of that day hath even ravished my soul, and the thought of the certainty and nearness of it is more refreshing to me than the comforts of the whole world. Surely nothing can more revive my spirits than to behold the blessed Jesus, the joy, life and beauty of my soul. Would it not more rejoice me than *Joseph's* waggons did old *Jacob*? I lately dreamed that the day of judgment was come. Methought I heard terrible cracks of thunder, and saw dreadful lightnings; the foundations of the earth did shake, and the heavens were rolled together as a garment; yea, all things visible were in a flame; methought I saw the graves opened, and the earth and sea giving up their dead; methought I saw millions of angels and Christ coming in the clouds. Methought I beheld the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all other thrones cast down. Methought I beheld him whose garments were white as snow, and the hair of his head as pure as wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from him; thousand thousands ministred unto him; and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; and the judgment was set and the books were opened. O with what an extasy of joy was I surprised! Methought it was the most heart-raising sight that ever my eyes beheld; and then, I cried out, *I have waited for thy salvation, O God*: and so I mounted into the air, to meet my Lord in the clouds."

This I record only to shew, how far he was from being daunted at the thoughts of death or judgment: And to let other christians know what is attainable in this life; and what folly it is, for us to take up with so little, when our Lord is pleased to make such noble provisions for us, and by wise and diligent improvement of those means which God hath offered

us, we may have an entrance administered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

O how comfortable, how honourable, and how profitable is this state? These are your men that quit themselves like christians. This is true gallantry, noble manhood, real valour! This was the condition of Mr. *Janeway* for about three years before he died. I will not deny but that he had some clouds; but he usually walked in a sweet, even, humble serenity of spirit; and though he daily questioned many actions, yet did he not question his state, but had his heart fixed upon that Rock that neither waves nor winds could shake. His senses were still so spiritually exercised, as that he could look up to heaven as his country and inheritance, and to God as his Father, and to Christ as his Redeemer: and that (which is scarce to be heard of) he counted it the highest act of patience, to be willing to live, and a very great self-denial to be contented to be in this world, and to dwell on this side a full and eternal enjoyment of that royal glorious One, whom his soul was so much in love with.

C H A P. VI.

His last Sickness, and Death.

HIS body is now shaken again, and he falls into a deep consumption: but, this messenger of God did not in the least damp him. Spitting of blood was no ghastly thing to one that had his eye upon the blood of Jesus; faint sweats did not daunt him that had always such reviving cordials at hand. It's matter of joy to him, that he is now in some hopes of having his earnest desires satisfied.

After he had been awhile sick, a sudden dimness seized upon his eyes: by and by his sight quite failed; and there was such a visible alteration in him, that

that he and others judged these things to be the symptoms of death approaching. But when he was thus taken, he was not in the least surpris'd: but was lifted up with joy to think what a life he was going to, looking upon death itself as one of his Father's servants, and his friends, that was sent as a messenger to conduct him safely to his glorious palace.

When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother, and said, "Dear mother, I am dying, but I beseech you be not troubled; for I am, thro' mercy, quite above the fears of death; it's no great matter, I have nothing troubles me but the apprehensions of your grief. I am going to him whom I love above life."

But it pleas'd the Lord to raise him again a little out of his fainting fit, for his master had yet more work for him to do before he must receive his wages. Although his outward man decay'd apace, yet he is renew'd in the inward man day by day: his graces were never more active, and his experiences never greater. When one would have thought, he should have been taken up with his distemper, and that it had been enough for him to grapple with his pains, he quite forgets his weakness: and is so swallow'd up of the life to come, that he had scarce leisure to think of his sickness.

For several weeks together, I never heard the least word that savour'd of any complaint or weariness under the hand of God, except his eager desire to be with Christ be counted complaining, and his haste to be in heaven, impatience. Now was the time when one might have seen heaven and the glory of another world realiz'd to sense. His faith grew exceedingly, and his love was proportionable, and his joys were equal to both.

O the rare attainments! the high and divine expressions that dropp'd from his mouth! I have not words to express what a strange, triumphant, angelical frame he was in, for some considerable time together. It was a very heaven upon earth, to hear

and see a man admiring God at such a rate. Those that did not see, cannot well conceive, what a sweet frame he was in, for at least six weeks before he died. His soul was almost always filled with those joys unspeakable and full of glory. How oft would he cry out; "*Oh, that I could let you know what I now feel! Oh, that I could shew you what I see! Oh! that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! You would all think it then well worth the while to make it your business to be religious.* O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without Christ and a pardon. I would not for a world be to live any longer: the very thoughts of a possibility of recovery, make me tremble."

When one came to visit him, and told him, that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health, and that lived many a good year after: *and do you think to please me* (said he) *by such discourse as this?* No, Friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. Oh how poor and contemptible a thing it is in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know, I shall have another kind of life, when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, (you are no man of this world: you cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity) I tell you I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die, and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death! it is nothing. I say, death is nothing (through grace) to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, to turn my head and sleep: *I long to be with Christ: I long to die.* His

His mother and brethren standing by him, he said; "*Dear Mother*, I beseech you earnestly as ever I desired any thing of you in my life, that you would chearfully give me up to Christ: do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way, and mine another."

And then turning to his brethren, he spake thus to them: "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong, if you do. Oh that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold. My heart is full, my heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot chuse but smile: can you find in your heart to stop me, who am going to the compleat and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. Oh, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, how long, dear Lord; Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Oh, why are his chariot-wheels so long a coming."

And all this while he lay, like a triumphing conqueror, smiling and rejoicing in spirit.

There was never a day towards his end but (as weak as he was) he did some special piece of service, for his great master. Yea, almost every hour did produce fresh wonders.

A judicious and holy minister came often to visit him, and discoursed with him of the excellency of Christ, and the glory of the invisible world. *Sir*, said he, *I feel something of it; my heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state; I can hold no more here. Oh that I could let you know what I feel!*

This holy minister praying with him, his soul was ravished with the abundant incomes of light, life, and love; so that he could scarce bear it, or the thoughts of staying any longer in the world, but longed to be in such a condition, wherein he should have yet more grace, and more comfort, and be better able to bear that weight of glory; some manifestations whereof did even almost sink his weak body,

and had he not been sustained by a great power, his very joys would have overwhelmed him; and whilst he was in these extasies of joy and love, he was wont to cry out:

“ Who am I, Lord, who am I, that thou shouldst be mindful of me! Why me, Lord, why me! Oh, what shall I say unto thee, O thou Preserver of men! Oh why me, Lord, why me! If thou wilt look upon such a poor worm, who can hinder! Who would not love thee! O blessed Father! Oh how sweet and gracious hast thou been unto me!”

And thus he went on, admiring and adoring of God, in a more high and heavenly manner than I can clothe with words. Suppose what you can on this side heaven; and I am persuaded, you might have seen it in him. He was wonderfully taken with the goodness of God to him, in sending that aged experienced minister to him in his last great work upon earth. “ Who am I, *said he*, that God should send to me a messenger, one among a thousand?”

Though he was towards his end most commonly in a triumphant joyful frame; yet sometimes even then, he had small intermissions, in which he would cry out, *Hold out, faith and patience; yet a little while and your work is done.* And when he found not his heart wound up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration and love; he would with great sorrow bemoan himself, and cry out in this language:

“ And what’s the matter now, O my soul, what wilt thou? canst thou thus unworthily slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great *Jehovah* should deal thus familiarly with his worm; and wilt thou pass this over as a common mercy?—What meanest thou, O my soul, that thou dost not constantly adore and praise this rare, strong, and unspeakable love! Is it true, O my soul? Doth God deal familiarly with man? And are his humble, zealous, and constant love, praise and service too good for God? Why art not thou, O my soul,

soul, swallowed up every moment with his free, unparalleled, everlasting love?"

And then he breaks out again into another triumphant extasy of praise and joy; and expressed a little of that which was inexpressible, in some such words as these:

"Stand astonished, ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite Grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? Doth God use to do thus with his creatures? Admire him for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones! Oh those joys, the taste of which I have! The everlasting joys, which are at his right hand for evermore! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O bless the Lord with me, come let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever."

One of his brethren (that had formerly been wrought upon by his holy exhortations and example) praying with him, and seeing him (as he apprehended) near his dissolution, desired that the Lord would be pleased to continue those astonishing comforts to the last moments of his breath, and that he might go from one heaven to another, from grace and joy imperfect, to perfect grace and glory; and when his work was done here, give him, if it were his will, the most easy and triumphant passage to rest.

At the end of the duty, he burst out into a wonderful passion of joy. (Sure that was joy unspeakable and full of glory! O what an *Amen* did he speak, *Amen, Amen, Amen, Hallelujah.*

It would have made any christian's heart to leap, to have seen and heard what some saw and heard at that time; and I question not, but that it will somewhat affect them to hear and read it; though it be scarce possible to speak the half of what was admirable in him; for it being so much beyond precedent, it did so astonish and amaze those of us that were
about

about him, that our relation must fall hugely short of what was real.

I verily believe, that it exceeds the highest rhetoric to set out to the life, what this heavenly creature did then deliver. I want words to speak, and so did he, for he saw things unutterable: but yet so much he spake as justly drew the admiration of all that saw him. He talked as if he had been in the third heaven, and broke out in such words as these:

“ Oh, he is come! He is come! O how sweet! How glorious is the blessed Jesus! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises! Oh for words, to set out a little of that excellency! But it is unexpressible! O how excellent, glorious and lovely is the precious Jesus! He is sweet, He is altogether lovely! And now I am sick of love, he hath ravished my soul with his beauty! I shall die sick of love!

“ O my friends, stand by and wonder, come look upon a dying man, and wonder; I cannot myself but stand and wonder! Was there ever a greater kindness, was there ever sensibler manifestations of rich grace! Oh, why me! Lord, why me! Sure this is akin to heaven, and if I were never to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all the torments that men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendant joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet: let no true Christian ever be afraid of dying. Oh death is sweet to me. This bed is soft. Christ's arms and kisses, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven. O that you did but see and feel what I do! Come and behold a dying man more chearful than ever you saw an healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O Sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines in so strongly into my soul! Oh why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad: this, this is the hour that I have waited for!”

About eight and forty hours before his death, his eyes were dim, and his sight much failed; his jaws shook and trembled, and his feet were cold, and all the symptoms of death were upon him, and his extremities were already almost dead and senseless, and yet, even then, his joys were (if possible) greater still; he had so many fits of joy unspeakable, that he seemed to be in one continued act of seraphic love and praise. He spake like one that was just entering into the gates of the new *Jerusalem*: the greatest part of him was now in heaven: not a word dropt from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven. Oh what encouragements did he give to them who did stand by, to follow Christ in an humble, believing, zealous course of life, adding one degree of grace to another, and using all diligence to make their calling and election sure; and that then, they also should find a glorious passage into a blessed eternity.

But most of his work was *praise*, a hundred times admiring the bottomless love of God to him. Oh, why me, Lord, why me! And then he would give instructions to them that came to see him. He was scarce ever silent, because the love of Christ and souls did constrain him. There was so much work done for Christ in his last hours, that I am ready to think, he did as much in one hour as some did in a year.

Every particular person had a faithful affectionate warning. And that good minister, that was so much with him, used this as an argument to persuade him to be willing to live a little longer, and to be patient to tarry God's leisure; "sure God hath something for thee to do that is yet undone; some word of exhortation to some poor soul, that you have forgot."

The truth of it is, he was filled with the love of Christ, that he could scarce bear absence from him a moment. He knew that he should be capable of bearing greater glory above, than he could here. It was the judgment of some that were with him, that his heart was not only habitually, but actually set on
 God

God all the day long; and nothing of human frailty appeared, except it were his passionate desire to die, and difficulty to bring himself to be willing to stay below heaven.

He was wont every evening to take his leave of his friends, hoping not to see them, till the morning of the resurrection; and he desired that they would make sure of a comfortable meeting at our Father's house in that other world.

One passage I cannot omit, which was this, That when ministers or christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the time that they had with him in praise. "O help me to praise God, I have now nothing else to do from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth; I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given. The wants that are capable of supply in this world, are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is, *A speedy lift to heaven*. I expect no more here, I can't desire more, I can't hear more. Oh praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul. Help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul: he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness; he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he with-held from me.

"Come, help me with praises, all's too little: Come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise. Praise him, all ye creatures upon earth, let every thing that hath being, help me to praise him, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible, turn to *David's psalms*, and let us sing a *psalm* of praise: come, let's lift up our voice in the praise of the most high; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better."

And

And then turning to some of his friends that were weeping, he desired them rather to rejoice than weep upon his account. It may justly seem a wonder, how he could speak so much, as he did, when he was so weak; but the joy of the Lord did strengthen him.

In his sickness, the Scriptures which he took much delight in, were the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of *John*. The fifty fourth of *Isaiah* was very refreshing also to him; he would repeat that word [*with everlasting mercies will I gather*] with abundance of joy.

He commended the study of the promises to believers, and desired that they would be sure to make good their claim to them, and then they might come to the wells of consolation and drink thereof their fill.

According to his desire most of the time that was spent with him, was spent in praise; and he would still be calling out, *more praise still*. "O help me to praise him: I have now nothing else to do; I have done with prayer and all other ordinances; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood.

"I shall before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of *Moses*, and the song of the *Lamb*. I shall presently stand upon *Mount Zion*, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the Just made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them, who shall say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, honour, and power unto the Lord our God; and again, we shall say Hallelujah. And yet a very little while, and I shall sing unto the *Lamb*, a song of praise, saying Worthy art Thou to receive praise, who wert slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God, kings, and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever.

"Methinks

“ Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth: methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this ?”

Several times he spake in this language, and repeated many of these words often, over and over again, with far greater affection, than can be well worded: and I solemnly profess, that what is here written is no hyperbole, and that the twentieth part of what is observable in him, is not recorded: we cannot word it exactly as he did, yet you have the substance, and many things in his own words, with little or no variation.

The day before his death, he looked somewhat earnestly upon his brother *James*, who stood by him very sad; of whom he judged, that he was putting up some ejaculations to God upon his account: *I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love*, said he, *thou art now praying for me, and I know thou hast loved me dearly: but Christ loved me ten thousand times more than thou dost: come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die: and so with his cold dying lips he kissed him, and said, I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory.*

Though he was almost always praising God, and exhorting them that were about him to mind their everlasting concerns, and secure an interest in Christ; and though he slept but very little for some nights, yet he was not in the least impaired in his intellectuals, but his actions were all decent, and becoming a man, and his discourse to a spiritual understanding, highly rational, solid, divine. And so he continued to the last minute of his life.

A few hours before his death he called all his relations and brethren together, that he might give them one solemn warning more; and bless them, and pray for them as his breath and strength would give

give him leave; which he did with abundance of authority, affection and spirituality; which take briefly as it follows:

First, He thanked his dear mother for her tender love to him, and desired that she might be in travail to see Christ formed in the souls of the rest of her children, and see of the travail of her soul, and meet them with joy in that great day.

Then he charged all his brethren and sisters in general, as they would answer it before God, that they should carry it dutiful to their dear mother. And for his eldest brother *William* (at whose house he lay sick) his prayer was that he might be swallowed up of Christ, and love to souls; and be more and more exemplary in his life, and successful in his ministry, and finish his course with joy.

His next brother's name was *Andrew*, a citizen of *London*, who was with him, and saw him in his triumphing state; but (his necessary business calling him away) he could not then be by; yet he was not forgot, but he was thus blessed, *The God of Heaven remember my poor brother at London. The Lord make him truly rich in giving him the pearl of great price, and make him a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God; the Lord deliver him from the sins of that city: may the world be kept out of his heart, and Christ dwell there. Oh that he may be as his name is, a strong man, and that I may meet him with you.*

Then he called his next brother, whose name was *James*, (whom he hoped God had made him a spiritual father to) to whom he thus addressed himself; *Brother James, I hope the Lord has given thee a goodly heritage, the lines are fallen to thee in pleasant places: the Lord is thy Portion. I hope the Lord hath shewed thee the worth of Christ. Hold on, dear Brother; Christ, Heaven, and Glory are worth striving for; the Lord give thee more abundance of his grace.*

Then his next brother *Abraham* was called, to whom he spake to this purpose, *The blessing of the God of Abraham rest upon thee, the Lord make thee a Father of many spiritual children.*

His fifth brother was *Joseph*, whom he blessed in this manner; *Let him bless thee, O Joseph, that blessed him that was separated from his brethren. O that his everlasting arms may take hold on thee! It is enough, if yet thou mayest live in his sight. My heart hath been working towards thee, poor Joseph; and I am not without hopes, that the arms of the Almighty will embrace thee. The God of thy Father bless thee with the blessing of heaven above.*

The next was his sister *Mary*, to whom he spoke thus, *Poor sister Mary, thy body his weak, and thy days will be filled with bitterness; thy name is Marah; the Lord sweeten all with his grace and peace, and give thee health in thy soul. Be patient, make sure of Christ, and all is well.*

Then his other sister, whose name was *Sarah*, was called; whom he thus blessed, *Sister Sarah, thy body is strong and healthful: O that thy soul may be so too! The Lord make thee first a wise virgin, and then a mother in Israel; a pattern of modesty, humility, and holiness.*

Another brother, *Jacob*, was then called, whom he blessed after this manner; *The Lord make thee an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile! O that thou mayest learn to wrestle with God, and like a prince, mayest prevail, and not go without the blessing.*

Then he prayed for his youngest brother *Benjamin*, who was then but an infant: *Poor little Benjamin! O that the Father of the fatherless, would take care of thee, poor child, that thou, who never sawest thy father upon earth, mayest see him with joy in heaven; the Lord be thy Father and Portion; mayest thou prove the son of thy mother's right hand, and the joy of her age.*

“O that none of us may be found amongst the unconverted in the day of judgment! O that every one of us may appear (with our honoured Father and dear Mother) before Christ with joy, that they may say, Lord, here are we, and the children which thou hast given us. Oh that we may live to God here, and live with him hereafter.

And

"And now, my dear mother, brethren and sisters, farewell; I leave you for awhile, and I commend you to God, and to the Word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

"And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight; and henceforth there remaineth for me a crown of righteousness! Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Then the minister came to give him his last visit, and to do the office of an inferior angel, to help to convey his blessed soul to glory, who was now even upon *Mount Pisgah*, and had a full sight of that goodly land at a little distance. When the minister spake to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears of joy from him, being almost amazed to hear a man just a dying, talk as if he had been with *Jesus*, and came from the immediate presence of God. O the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read *grace* and *glory* in his countenance. O the praises, the triumphant praises, that he put up? And every one must speak praise about him, or else they made a jar in his harmony.

And indeed most did, as well as they could, help him in praise. So that I never heard, nor knew more praise given to God in one room than in his chamber.

A little before he died, in the prayer or rather praises, he was so wrapped up with admiration and joy, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy. In the conclusion of the duty, with abundance of faith and fervency he said aloud, *Amen, Amen.*

And now his desires shall soon be satisfied; death comes apace to do his office; his jaws are loosened more and more, and quiver greatly; his hands and feet are as cold as clay, and a cold sweat is upon him: but, Oh how glad was he when he felt his spirit just a going! Never was death more welcome to any mortal

mortal, I think. Though the pangs of death were strong, yet that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory made him endure those bitter pains with much patience and courage. In the extremity of his pains, he desired his eldest brother to lay him a little lower, and to take away one pillow from him that he might die with the more ease. His brother replied, he durst not for a world, do any thing that might hasten his death a moment. Then he was well satisfied, and did sweetly resign himself up wholly to God's disposal; and after a few minutes with a sudden motion gathering up all his strength, he gave himself a little turn on one side, and in the twinkling of an eye, departed to the Lord.

And now blessed soul, thy longings are satisfied, and thou seest and feelest a thousand times more than thou didst upon earth, and yet thou canst bear it with delight, thou art now welcomed to thy Father's house by Christ, the Beloved of thy soul: now thou hast heard him say, Come, thou blessed of my Father, and, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, and wear that crown which was prepared for thee, before the foundation of the world.

O that all the relations which thou hast left behind thee, may live with Christ and thee, forever and ever,
Amen, Amen.

He died *June*, 1657, aged 23-24, and was buried in K E L S H A L L Church, in Hertfordshire.

F I N I S.